THE

HIND

AND THE

PANTHER

TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of

The *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*.

[By Prior & Montagu.]

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*

Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

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THE

PREFACE.

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burlesque'd, and* Virgil *Travested without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the* Hind *and the* Panther *may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two* Mice *bilking Coachmen, and supping at the* Devil; *as to suppose a* Hind *entertaining the* Panther *at a* Hermits Cell, *discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son* Rodriguez *writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the* Eastern *Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is*

one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez *came and took away all the book but the* 17th, 24th, *and* 25th *Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the* Moral *and the* Fable *together.*

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind *to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a* Panther's *Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a* Hero, *or a Country Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.*

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledg misunderstood *is not at all better sense than* Undetstanding misunderstood, *though 'tis confest the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.*

There

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes *himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the* Turks *for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest* Lent, *without the Pleasures of a* Carnival *to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read* Duncomb *for* Allen: *He had been told that Mr.* Allen *had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of* Duncombs *was Translated from the* Spanish *of* Rodriguez, *and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between* Duncomb *and* Allen? *do they so much as Rhime?*

Difference betwixt a Protestant and *Socinian*, p. 62.

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We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther *till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother* Hind; *she* Disciplin'd *him severely, she commanded him it seems, to* Sacrifice *his darling* Fame, *and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to* Libel the Court, *Blaspheme* Kings, *abuse the whole* Scotch Nation, *rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.*

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Thus

Thus far his Arms have with Succeſs been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews *and* Infidels, *look to themſelves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Intereſt of all his Neighbours to oppoſe him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and deſtroy his Friends, and like a ſecond* Almanzor, *change ſides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick temper of his, has created him ſome Enemies, that did by no means affect Hoſtility; and he may obſerve this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in theſe Papers, but his laſt Piece; and I believe he is ſenſible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perſwaſion, or making Religion the Subject of ſuch a Trifle; ſo that no man is here concern'd, but the Author himſelf, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.*

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it ſo, you muſt grant my Excuſe is more reaſonable than our Author's to the Diſſenters.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the *Country and the City-Mouse.*

Bayes. Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Swords point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.* Pref. p. 1.

Johns. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my *conscience* my intentions were Honourable.

Bayes. *Conſcience*! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that
Pref. ib. word well enough, let me have the *marks* of your *Conſcience* before I truſt it, for if it be not of the ſame ſtamp with mine, Gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair promiſes.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany haſt thou been about that thou'rt under theſe apprehenſions? upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookeſt as ſneaking and frighted as a dog that has been worrying ſheep.

Pref. ib. *Bayes.* Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy*, or I'gad, to truſt any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National concerns till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneneſs, I am alter'd ſince you ſaw me, and cannot bear this looſe talk now; Mr. *Johnſon*, you are a man of Parts, let me deſire you to read *the Guide of Controverſy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Conſiderations on the Council*
Page 5. *of Trent*, and ſo Gentlemen your humble Servant.——— *Good life be now my Task.*

Johnſ. Nay Faith, we wont part ſo: believe us we are both your Friends; let us ſtep to the *Roſe* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your ſakes I will tranſgreſs as far as one Pint.

Johnſ. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this Houſe, and ſhall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you pleaſe, for my part he ſhall bring me a ſingle Pint of any thing.

Smith. How ſo, Mr. *Bayes*, have you loſt your pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have ſo, but *ſenſes* muſt be *ſtarv'd* that the

the *ſoul* may be *gratified*. Men of your Kidney make the *ſenſes* the *ſupream Judg*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the uſe and pleaſure of 'em aſide. Page 21.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both ſides? you make the ſeparation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you ſee a fat Roſie-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a Proteſtant or a *Turk*. Ibid.

Johnſ. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might ſuſpect your converſion; methinks thou haſt as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am. But I hope ere long I ſhall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *ſtraight gate*. Page 5.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confeſſor gives you more ſevere rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Frier* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were miſrepreſented to me: I confeſs I have been unfortunate in ſome of my Writings: but ſince you have put me upon that ſubject, I'le ſhow you a thing I have in my Pocket ſhall wipe off all that, or I am miſtaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy ſelf again. Here's the *Kings* Health to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'le be bold to ſay, the exacteſt Piece the world ever ſaw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I muſt beſpeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your perſwaſion.

Joh. Uſe your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you ſhall ſee me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and juſtifie our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johnſ. An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion*?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no mans ſteps; and to ſhow you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace*'s deſign, but I'gad, have ſo out-done him, you ſhall be aſham'd for your *old friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouſe*, and the *City-Mouſe*; what a plain ſimple thing it is, it has no more life and ſpirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horſe; and his *Mice* talk ſo meanly, ſuch common ſtuff, ſo like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the world ſo long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*, and *elevate a Fable*. I'le bring you in the very ſame *Mice* diſputing the depth of *Philoſophy*, ſearching into the fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you ſhall ſee either of 'em could eaſily make an Aſſe of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked ſtory, I have more copiouſneſs than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and deſcribe all the *beaſts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digreſſions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the fineſt *Soliloquies*, as would raviſh you. Won't this do, think you?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not great and Heroical? but come, you'l underſtand it better when you hear it; and pray be as ſevere as you can, I'gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

Pag. 1.

A milk-white Mouſe *immortal and unchang'd,*
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o're the Dairy *rang'd;*
Without, unſpotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no Ginn.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, ſoft Cheeſe is a little too coarſe Diet for an *immortal Mouſe*; were there any neceſſity for her eating, you ſhould have conſulted *Homer* for ſome *Cœleſtial Proviſion.*

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did ſo; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Tet had She oft been ſcar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.
Of *winged* Owls, and ſtern *Grimalkins* Paws
Aim'd at her deſtin'd Head, which made her *fly*, Pag. 2.
Tho She was *doom'd to Death*, and *fated not to dye.*

Smith. How came She that *fear'd no danger* in the line before, to be ſcar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

Johnſ. But pray give me leave; how was She *doom'd to Death*, if She was *fated not to dye*; are not *doom* and *fate*, much the ſame thing?

Bayes. Nay *Gentlemen*, if you queſtion my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing elſe, give me that; ſure I that made the Word, know beſt what I meant by it: I aſſure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but ſmall comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the buſineſs in hand.

Not ſo her young; their Linſy-woolſy *line*, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half humane, half Divine.

Smith.

Smith. Certainly theſe *Hero's, half Humane, half Divine,* have very little of the *Mouſe* their *Mother.*

Bayes. Gadſokers! Mr. *Johnſon,* does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouſe,* by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church,* and theſe young Gentlemen her Sons, ſignifie *Prieſts, Martyrs* and *Confeſſors,* that were hang'd in *Oats's Plot.* There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum ſemen Eccleſiæ,* and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Tranſlation.

Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Pag. 2. *Whoſe ſanguine Seed encreas'd the ſacred* Brood;
She multipli'd by theſe, *now rang'd alone,*
Pag. 3. *And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Smith. Was She *alone* when *the ſacred Brood was encreaſed.*

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouſe* again; but I hope a *Church* may be *alone,* tho the *Members* be *encreaſed,* mayn't it?

Johnſ. Certainly Mr. *Bayes,* a *Church* which is a *diſuſive Body of Men,* can much leſs be ſaid to be *alone.*

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnſon,* you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'le clap in ſome *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Iſrael,* and it ſhall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes?* What could the *Mouſe* (for I ſuppoſe you mean her now) do more then *range* in the *Kingdoms,* when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She *reign'd*; had a *Diadem, Scepter* and *Ball,* till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are ſo *encreas'd,* She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes.

Bayes. I gad, and ſo She may before I have done with Her; it has coſt me ſome pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith.*

The common Hunt, She timorouſly paſt by,
For they made tame, *diſdain'd Her company*; Pag. 3.
They grin'd, She in a fright *tript* o're the Green,
For She was *lov'd*, whereever She was *ſeen.*

Johnſ. Well ſaid little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick muſt have a great deal of leaſure, that attacks thoſe Verſes.

Bayes. I gad, I'le warrant him, who ere he is, *offendet ſolido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beaſt. Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why a *Bear:* Pox, is not that obvious enough?

In groans Her hate expreſt.

Which I gad, is very natural to that *Animal.* Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a *Hare*, a *quaking Hare.*— *Armarillis*, becauſe She wears *Armour*, 'tis the ſame Figure; and I am proud to ſay it, Mr. *Johnſon*, no man knows how to *pun* in *Heroics* but my ſelf. Well, you ſhall hear.

She thought, and reaſon good, the *quaking Hare*
Her cruel Foe, becauſe *She would not ſwear*, Pag. 3.
And had *profeſs'd neutrality.*

Johnſ. A ſhrew'd Reaſon that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes.

Bayes. Wars! why there had bin bloody Wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three ſuch fine things as theſe, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finiſh'd my Poem.

Pag. 3. *Next Her, the Buffoon Ape* his body *bent*,
And paid at Church a Courtier's complement.

That Gauls ſomewhere; I gad I can't leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every day for it.

Pag. 4. *The-briſl'd* Baptiſt *Boar, impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'n take it as they will, I gad, I ſeldom come amongſt 'em.

Pag. 10. *Was whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity.*
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough creſt rears,
And pricks up.——Now in one word will I abuſe the whole Party moſt damnably—— *and pricks up.*——— I gad, I am ſure you'l Laugh—— *his predeſtinating Ears.* Prethee Mr. *Johnſon*, remember little *Bays*, when next you ſee a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predeſtination* in the ſhape of his *Ear*: I have ſtudied men ſo long. I'le undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the ſetting of his Wig.

His predeſtinating Ears. I gad there's ne're a *Preſbyterian* ſhall dare to ſhow his Head without a Border: I'le put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. *Bays*, if any of 'em ſhould come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I gad, they would ſhed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have juſt ſuch well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

Smith.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind——

These fiery Zuinglius, *meagre* Calvin *bred.* Pag. 11.

Smith. Those I suppose are some Out-Landish Beasts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company because they were Enemies to my *Mouse*, and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horses* and *Horsemen* in the very same Breath. Pag. 39. You shall hear how I go on now,

Or else reforming *Corah* spawn'd *this Class*, Pag. 11.
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

John. For *all*, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Yes, They were *all* lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again at *Queenhith.*

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark, Pag. 11.
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's *Ark.*

Here I put a Quære, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed Pag. 12.
In Fenny Holland, *and in Fruitful* Tweed.

Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see this

Quickning Fire from the Bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

John. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoſo*'s making a Burning-Glaſs of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was ſheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd thoſe Elements but my ſelf. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, ſo I have rang'd my Beaſts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of 'em all againſt my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I do'nt know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as ſoon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, ſhow'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad ſo it had: And then I'le tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the firſt part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad ſink by degrees, till at laſt I write but little better than other People. And whereas moſt Authors *creep ſervilely* after the Old Fellows, and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Courſe, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em ſee I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

John.

John. Could go on with 'em Mr. *Bayes!* there's no Body doubts that; You have a moſt particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I muſt needs ſay at a *Fable* or an *Emblem* I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have ſtudied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnſon*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

John. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I ſaw it at the Coffee-Houſe.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out ſomething of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was ſo civil to preſent me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you pleaſe to accept it Mr *Johnſon?*

John. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could deſign twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Penſion to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would ſpoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Buſineſs, and here I'le give you a delicate deſcription of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf* and that ſuppoſes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Perſecution*, and I'gad from all theſe Thoughts I took occaſion to rail at the *French King*, and ſhow that he was not

of the ſame make with other Men, which thus I prove.

Pag. 15. *The Divine* Blackſmith *in th' Abyſs of Light,*
Yawning and lolling *with a careleſs beat,*
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and ſtir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought and could not on a ſudden
Pag. 16. *Knead up with* unskim'd *Milk* this Reas'ning Pudding:
Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.
Till *Pride of Empire*, *Luſt*, and hot Deſire
Did over-boile him, like too great a Fire,
And underſtanding grown, *miſunderſtood*,
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and ſour'd his curdled Blood.

John. But ſure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his *God Vulcan* working at the *Anvil?*

John. Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitteſt to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagin Him an Earthly dirty *Blackſmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'le tell you there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my Man and *Milton*'s. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouſe, the City Mouſe.

Pag. 19. *A ſpotted* Mouſe, the prettieſt next the White,
Pag. 23. Ah! were her Spots waſh'd out, as pretty quite,
Pag. 22. With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead ſpred,
Crozier in Hand, and *Miter* on her Head.

Three

Three Steeples Argent on her Sable Shield. Pag. 84.
Liv'd in the *City*, and diſdain'd the *Field.*

John. This is a glorious *Mouſe* indeed! but, as you have dreſs'd her, we do'nt know whether ſhe be *Jew*, *Papiſt* or *Proteſtant.*

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnſon*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore ſhe's a *ſpotted Mouſe* here, and will be a *Mule* preſently. But to go on.

This Princeſs——

Smith. What *Princeſs*, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why this *Mouſe*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left Hand Marriage* with her Mother, Pag. 20.
and begot *on her Body Elizabeth Schiſm*, who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and had Iſſue *Graceleſs Hereſy.* Who all give the ſame Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

This Princeſs tho *eſtrang'd* from what was *beſt*,
Was leaſt Deform'd, becauſe Reform'd the leaſt. Pag. 23.
There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Maſquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.
Miſtook the Bliſs of *Heaven for Bacchinals above,*
And grub'd the Thorns *beneath our tender Feet,*
To make the Paths of Paradiſe more ſweet.

There's a Jolly Mouſe for you, let me ſee any Body elſe that can ſhew you ſuch another. Here now have I one damnable ſevere reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it, can you help me Mr. *Johnſon.*

She ——
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at Home,
John. Which is too narrow Infamy for ſome.

Bayes

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Pag. 63. *Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,*
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.

John. But does not this reflect upon ſome of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my ſelf off. I'le tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, ſheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I muſt needs ſay. Now it happen'd before I could finiſh this Peice, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and thoſe People were no longer Beaſts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I loſe my Labour, or Libel my Friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do me I but write a ſmooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the Buſineſs.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them againſt whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were ſatisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface* to *Dear Joys Jeſts*.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd ſteal from ſuch an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you ſometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as ſound Precepts, in the *delectable Hiſtory of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book

Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found ſo pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim?* But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouſe*.

One Evening, when ſhe went away from Court, Pag. 29.
Levee's and Couchee's paſt without reſort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verſe ſo fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouſe* are too great, eſpecially when ſhe is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you that ſhe was a *Princeſs*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouſe, whoſe *fearful Face* Pag. 36.
Beheld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durſt approach——

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouſe is ſtrangely alter'd, ſince ſhe *fear'd no Danger*.

Bayes. Godſokers! Why no more ſhe does not yet fear either Man or Beaſt: But, poor Creature, ſhe's afraid of the Water, for ſhe could not ſwim, as you ſee by this.

Nor durſt approach, till with an awful Roar Pag. 30.
The Soveraign Lyon had her fear no more.

But beſides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you ſhe *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you muſt have the ſame thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to ſtrike you ſtill with ſomething new. Well, but to proceed.

But

Pag. 30. But when ſhe had this ſweeteſt Mouſe *in view*,
Good *Lord*, *how ſhe admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!*

Here now to ſhow you I am Maſter of all Stiles, I let my ſelf down from the *Majeſty* of *Virgil*, to the *Sweetneſs* of *Ovid*.

Good *Lord*, *how ſhe admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!*

What more eaſy and familiar! I writ this Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be ſo fond of me to find I can yet be ſo tender. I hate ſuch a rough unhewen Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man muſt ſweat to read Him; I'gad you may run over this and be almoſt aſleep.

Th' Immortal Mouſe who ſaw the *Viceroy* come
So far to ſee Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouſe*, the *Viceroy!*

Smith. But pray why d'e call her ſo?

Bayes. Why! Becauſe it ſounds prettily: I'le call her
Pag. 55. the *Crown-General* preſently if I've a mind to it. Well:

——did invite her Home
To ſmoak a Pipe, and o're a ſober Pot
Pag. 31. Diſcourſe of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
She made a Court'ſy, like a Civil Dame,
Pag. 32. And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came

Well, Gentlemen, here's my firſt part finiſh'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the *Majeſtick turn of Heroick Poeſy*. The reſt *being matter of Diſpute, I had not ſuch frequent occaſion for the magnificence of Verſe*; tho I'gad they ſpeak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *conſiderable Men* too, talk the very ſame things, a great deal worſe.

John.

John. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no ſmall advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: though you muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* diſcourſe, without ever troubling ones head with the Books of *Controverſie*. For I can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed your knotty Reaſonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my ſtile; but 'i gad I can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm miſtaken: and pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all the plain ſimplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Dame, ſaid the Lady of the Spotted Muff, Pag. 32.
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſtuff.
There did not I tell you ſhe'd be nice?
Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoak;
And the Weed worſe than e're *Tom. I---s took.*

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave († *ſhe's earneſt you ſee*) this hoary *Shed* † *Poeta Loquitur.*
and lonely Hills,
And eat with me at *Groleau*'s, ſmoak at *Will*'s.

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-ſhelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himſelf?
Or to the Houſe of cleanly *Reniſh* go;
Or that at *Charing-Croſs*, or that in *Channel-Row?*

Do you mark me now? I would by this repreſent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all thoſe good Houſes, though perhaps he nere was in 'em. But heark! ſhe goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our ſelves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragouſts* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To viſit *Biſhop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finiſh at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demoliſh Doors
Pag. 63. *Of Engliſh Manufactures---Pimps, and Whores.*

John. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd ſort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. I call 'em ſo, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to ſuffer ſo many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of Trade at home.

With theſe Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proſelyte.*
Oh! with what eaſe we follow ſuch a Guide,
Where Souls are ſtarv'd, and Senſes gratifi'd.

Now would not you think ſhe's going? but I gad, you're miſtaken; you ſhall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before ſhe ſtirs yet.

Pag. 69. But here the *White*, by *obſervation wiſe*,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying *Eyes*,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark. Leſt

Leſt therefore we ſhould ſtray, and not go right,
Through the *brown horrour* of the ſtarleſs Night,
Haſt thou *Infallibility, that Wight?* Pag. 37.
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the immortal Dame,
There is a Guide----Gad I've forgot his Name, Pag. 37.
Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But heark you, Siſter, this is but a Whim; *Spotted Mouſe, Loquitur.*
For ſtill we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you ſee I don't trouble my ſelf to keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks* or *dapple Speaks* by the ſide. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ſhould ſay, I clap it down in my own Perſon with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which, take notice, is Pag. 69. a ſurer ſign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margent any-where elſe. Well now ſays *White*,

What need we find Him, we have certain proof
That he is ſomewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
Although we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, I Gad: Well ſaid *White*. You ſee her Adverſary has nothing to ſay for her ſelf, and therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhe ſhall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I Gad, or rather better. Well, ſhe can do it two ways, either about *Emiſſion* or *Re-* Pag. 37. *ception* of Light, or elſe about *Epſom-waters*, but I

think the laſt is moſt familiar; therefore ſpeak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* paſs by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather
From this diſſention that they work by neither.

And I Gad, ſhe's in the right on't; but mind now, ſhe comes upon her ſwop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I Gad, if they had been never ſo good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Pag. 54. Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*

There's a Surprize for you now! How ſneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* firſt, and then tell her ſhe was one? Who could have thought that this little *Mouſe* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now Dapple had nothing to ſay to this; and therefore you'll ſee ſhe grows peeviſh.

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and as they ſay,
Pag. 101. Uſe not, that Barber that trims time, delay
Which I gad is new, and my own.
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, *and ſince an hour of talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious walk*;
As I remember ſaid the ſober Mouſe,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-Houſe*.
Thither, ſays Br*indle*, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
Prieſts ſipping *Coffee*; *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dreſt,
Theſe baffling the *Grand-Seignior*; thoſe the *Teſt*.

And

And hear ſhrew'd gueſſes made, and reaſons given,
That humane Laws were never made in Heaven. Pag. 111.
But above all, what ſhall oblige thy ſight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vaſt delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of ſacred *Wit*,
Who do's i' th' *Darkneſs of his Glory ſit.*
And as the Moon who firſt receives the light, Pag. 28.
With which ſhe makes theſe neither Regions bright;
So does he ſhine, reflecting from a far,
The Rayes he borrow'd from a better Star:
For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the ſcribling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does diſpence,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schiſm, a damn'd offence,
To queſtion his, or truſt your private ſenſe.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnſon?* Gad forgive me he is faſt a ſleep! Oh the damn'd ſtupidity of this Age! a ſleep! Well, Sir, Since you'r ſo drouſy, your humble Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The white Mouſe.*

Bayes. The white Mouſe! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

John. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late laſt Night, Prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at St. *Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
And ſlipping through the *Palſgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack.*

There's

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poetry, Many a *young Templer* will ſave his ſhilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouſe.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Pag. 133. *Of Clergy kind*, or Councellour *Chough* was there;
Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
Pag. 126. *By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known*,
Pag. 130. *Or Siſter* Partlet, *with the Hooded head*;
No, Sir. She's *hooted hence*, ſaid *Will*, and fled.
Why ſo? *Becauſe ſhe would not pray a Bed.*

John. aſide. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at ſuch ſtuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnſon*, How d'e like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *perſon* of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verſes; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, juſt going up ſtairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my White takes occaſion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the place where *Johnſon* ſat we climb,
Leaning on the ſame Rail that guided him;
And whilſt we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our thoughts as high.
Pag. 45. For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.

Thus

Thus every ſtep I take my Spirits ſoar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's humour! Is not that the livelieſt Image in the World of a Mouſes going up a pair of Stairs. *More a Wit, and more and more?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I muſt be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I ſee you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godſokers! Sure you won't ſerve me ſo: All my fineſt Diſcriptions and beſt Diſcourſe is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you ſhall take a little more, and here I'll paſs over two dainty *Epiſodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johnſ. I know not why they ſhould come in, except to make yours the longeſt *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æſop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple ſtories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble deſign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are ſatisfied with Beaſts in the firſt courſe, ſerve you up a delicate Diſh of Fowl for the ſecond; now I was at all this pains to abuſe one particular perſon; for I gad I'll tell you what a trick he ſerv'd me. I was once tranſlating a very good *French Author*, but being ſomething long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; What does this *Jack* do, but put's out an Anſwer to my Friend before I had half finiſhed the Tranſlation: ſo *Varillas.*

there

there was three whole Months loſt upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him ſufficiently, Pag. 137. for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, luſty fellow,* of a *brown Complexion, fair Behaviour,* a *Fluent Tongue,* and *taking* amongſt the *Women*; and to top it all that he's much a *Scholar,* more a *Wit,* and owns but *two Sacraments.* Don't you think this Fellow will hang himſelf? But beſides, I have ſo nickt his Character in a Name as will make you ſplit. I call him —— I gad I won't tell you unleſs you remember what I ſaid of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar,* and more a *Wit* ——

Bayes. Right; and his name is *Buzzard,* ha! ha! ha.

Johnſ. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a *B,* which makes me ſlily contrive him this, to begin with the ſame Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnſon*; I learn'd it, I muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious ſport, I love my Love with an *A,* becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you ſhould ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes,* I muſt leave you, I am half an hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Birds-Neſt; and here's three hundred more, Tranſlated from two *Paris Gazets,* in which the *Spotted Mouſe* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of *Muſcovy,* and the *Emperour,* which is a piece of News. *White* does not believe, and this is her Anſwer. I am reſolv'd you ſhall hear it, for in it I have taken occaſion

ſion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture.* Now you muſt know, 'tis ſincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we nere had any *Bibles* at all.

E're that *Gazet* was printed, ſaid the *White,*
Our Robin told another ſtory quite;
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no.
Words I confeſs *bound by, and trip ſo light,* Pag. 3.
We have not time to take a ſteady ſight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer then when Writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.

Hard things --- Mr. *Smith,* if theſe two lines don't recompence your ſtay, ne'r truſt *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the firſt Bluſh are clear and full,
God mends at ſecond thoughts, but Man grows dull.

I gad I judge of all Men by my ſelf, 'tis ſo with me, I never ſtrove to be very exact in any thing but I ſpoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too ſevere?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, theſe general reflections are daring, and ſavour moſt of a *noble Genius,* that ſpares neither *Friend* nor *Foe.*

John. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *noble Genius?*

Bayes. Afraid! Why *Lord* you make ſo much of a beating, I' gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, No, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em en lay on, I Faith, I'll ne'r baulk my fancy to ſave my

Carkaſs. Well, but we muſt diſpatch, Mr. *Smith.*

Thus did they merrily carouſe all day,
And like the gaudy fly their Wings diſplay;
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in great Apollo's *ray.*

Well there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the beſt *Bill of Fare* that ever was ſerv'd up in *Heroicks:* but here follows a diſpute ſhall recommend it ſelf, I'll ſay nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you muſt know was a *Proteſtant*, all this while truſts her own Judgment, and fooliſhly diſlikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does ſo run her down, that ſhe has not one word to ſay for her ſelf, but what I put in her Mouth; and I gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for ſhe has diſoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate.*

Sirrah, ſays *Brindle*, Thou haſt brought us Wine,
Sour to my taſt, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it, ah! ſays *White*,
What is approv'd by them, muſt needs be right.
Pag. 38. 'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Houſe
Commend it, I ſubmit, a private Mouſe.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Defference, which our Mouſe pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* conſent oppoſe
My erring Judgment, and reforming Noſe.

Ah! ah! there ſhe has nick't her, that's up to the Hilts, I gad, and you ſhall ſee *Dapple* reſents it.

Why, what a Devil ſhan't I truſt my Eyes?
Muſt I drink *Stum* becauſe the *Raſcal* lyes?

And

And palms upon us *Catholic* conſent,
To give *ſophiſticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can ſway, Pag. 5.
If you muſt Argue thus and not obey ? [vey'd,
Drawers muſt be truſted, through whoſe hands con-
You take the *Liquor*, or you ſpoil the *Trade*.
For ſure thoſe *Honeſt Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *ſtum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor Vintner laſt,
If all that drink muſt *judge*, and every *Gueſt*
Be allowed to have an underſtanding *Taſt* ?
Thus ſhe : Nor could the Panther well inlarge,
With weak defence, againſt ſo ſtrong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, becauſe ſhe's ſpotted, which is ſuch a blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I Gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that ſhew'd her pride,
Said, *Spotleſs* was a *Villain*, and ſhe *lyed*.
White ſaw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
And ſaid her Prayers, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage reſtrain'd:*
And thus her paſſive Character maintain'd.
But now alas-----

Mr. *Johnſon*, pray mind me this ; Mr. *Smith*, I'll ask you to ſtay no longer, for this that follows is ſo engaging ; hear me but two Lines, I Gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What ſad miſchance theſe pretty things *befel*
Theſe Birds of Beaſts-----

There's a tender Expreſſion, *Birds of Beaſts*: 'tis the greateſt Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*,

to

Pag. 129. to call it, *Beaſt of a Bird*: and a *Beaſt* is ſo fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

Theſe Birds of Beaſts, theſe learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were ſeparated, baniſh'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their ſakes, who wiſe?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Patho's*, I Gad, Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can aſſure you: But here's the ſad thing I was afraid of.

The *Conſtable* alarm'd by this noiſe,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,
Pag. 135. And ſpeaking to the *Watch, with head aſide*,
Said, Deſperate Cures muſt be to deſperate Ills apply'd.
Theſe *Gentlemen*, for ſo their Fate decrees,
Pag. 115. Can n'ere enjoy at once *the But and Peace.*
Pag. 144. *When each have ſeparated Intereſts of their own,*
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.
By *Schiſm* they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to one, and I'll ſecure the t'other.
Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Pag. 98. Or in the *Stocks* all night her Finger blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us to know.
But the *immortal Matron, ſpotleſs White*,
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeneſs, Malice, Spight,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and ſaid, *Good Night.*
Pag. 145. *Ten thouſand Watchmen waited* on this Mouſe,
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-Houſe.

This laſt Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thouſand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and ſhe aſleep too, I Gad. ---

John. Come, let's ſee what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in ſuch haſt? You han't told me how you like it.

John. Oh, extreamly well. Here, Drawer.

FINIS.